

SPEED UP, AMERICA

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I hate war with all the hatred a human being can feel for anything on earth.

I stood in Flanders beside a lone grave.

Life had been sweet to that young man.

He had hopes—of a home and family.

He had love—for a woman, for friends and country.

He had ambition—to do good and succeed in the arts of peace.

He had desires—to be at peace with all the world.

Another man had hopes and love and ambition and desires—hopes for greater power, love for glory, ambition to rule peoples not his own, desires to conquer others and take their lands and streams; to make MIGHT greater than RIGHT.

The young man went out with others to defend his land against the on-rush of the ambitious ruler.

When the young man felt a comrade was near.

The comrade bore the lifeless form to a battle-scarred tree. There he dug a hole and buried the form, and with it the hopes, the love, the desires and the ambition—all were gone, a sacrifice to the greed of a military nation.

The comrade piled the earth into a mound and placed a little marker there.

I stood beside the grave and saw the marker.

A bird on a naked branch of the tree twittered a mournful lay.

High over our heads the shells were shrieking—missiles of death sent from camp to camp.

Still higher, birdmen were in deadly combat. Miles up they maneuvered, scarcely in sight, yet the rattle

of their machine guns reached our ears.

I looked at the grave, the bird, the injured tree; I listened to the screeching shells, the sputtering guns of the airmen, and felt a hatred surging within me that I had not believed possible for any man to feel.

It was not hatred for the dead German who lay a few feet away. He had done his worst and paid his price. I looked at his lifeless form, lying across the ridge between two shell holes, the body and head pitched into one hole, the legs into another.

Until that moment I did not believe anyone could look upon the death of any man with a feeling of satisfaction.

It was not hatred for the man, but intense hatred for the cause for which he fought; for the rulers who sent him to his death, who caused him and the young man in the grave each to take the other's life.

A feeling of satisfaction because a man is dead!

That is war.

What conflicting emotions come to one who would have all the world at peace!

One finds himself choking—and fighting back tears.

The dead German and the other German near by, mangled still worse, stood and fell for a cause that is unholy.

They permitted ruthless rulers to train them in militarism and in the military spirit; they went forth to force that militarism on a peaceful and, to a great extent, an unsuspecting world. Tools they were of the greedy leaders who would fasten the creed of force on civilization; tools that must be crushed.

There are times when men's most sacred duty is to wage war—relentless war.

That time is now with America.

War means fighting to the death.

This war means fighting back that

military nation—or ourselves meeting death or becoming subject to the same ruthless military nation that sacrifices human beings to its own greed.

There is no tinsel, no gold trappings, no gloss to war.

There is only one duty, one task: to fight back to the death, to kill the German forces who fight because their rulers say that we must submit or die.

I stood beside a surgeon's chair in London.

In the chair sat a British soldier, a man of splendid form—body erect, muscles hard, sinews wiry—in the full strength of young manhood.

The nose was gone, cheekbone gone; an eye out, the eyebrow and bone above it had been blown away.

Wonderful surgical skill had done much to repair the damage done by an enemy shell. A welt on the forehead showed where a piece of skin and flesh had been taken, twisted about and grafted across the place where the nose had been. A nose and part of a cheek had been shaped from a light copper plate. A glass eye had been placed in the plate, and an eyebrow painted above the artificial eye—a splendid job to mask war's work.

But that hatred one feels for a war that will disfigure a perfectly built young man so as to make such masking necessary!

One would save other young men from a like fate; one tries to think of words to send home to his native land that will help save them, and the words that go tearing through the brain are: "SPEED UP!"

I stood at Amiens—even then the battle was on a short distance to the east. Scouts of the air were ever above us; the sound of firing never ceased; the wives and children were fleeing to the west, while husbands and fathers fought with their lives to check the onrush of the people who would rule by the SWORD.

Death was on parade that day.

And I saw the procession of the wounded.

I saw men mangled and maimed, borne by kindly hands to places—not really places of safety, but places where they could receive surgical and medical aid.

I looked into one face after another; many of them, silent, still revealed the agony that comes with wounds in battle; some were beyond suffering.

How I hated war!

How I hated the ruler of the nation that brought on the war!

How I felt that we must fight and fight until those rulers are placed where their power is gone, where their militarism will be killed for all time.

There is only one language which we can speak to them—only one they can understand; the language of regiment and division, of shot and shell, of cannon and howitzer, of sword and bayonet—and our voice must be so strong that it shall not be misunderstood.

I stood on the Strand in London. Six young men were coming. There was a fellow-feeling among them that one could not imagine—but for war.

Of an age, about 23, of the same height, about six feet; in uniforms, the light blue of the army invalid, all six were on crutches, each with his right leg gone above the knee, each destined to go through life a cripple!

They came smiling. They met a man of their own age, in like uniform, similarly afflicted, but with the left leg gone. They paused, rested on their crutches, smiled, and saluted—but passed him by. They could not take him in because it was not the right leg that was gone. He smiled, passed on and looked back at the squad wending its way, looking for others who could qualify for admission to their exclusive set.

How gruesome are war's jokes!

On and after October 1st the subscription price of the Mist will be advanced to \$2.0 per year.

Woman's Statement Will Help St. Helens

"I hated cooking because whatever I ate gave me sour stomach and a bloated feeling. I drank hot water and olive oil by the gallon. Nothing helped me until I tried simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-I-ka." Because it flushes the ENTIRE bowel tract completely Adler-I-ka relieves ANY CASE sour stomach, gas or constipation and prevents appendicitis. The INSTANT action is surprising. A. J. Deming, Druggist.

TREASURER'S NOTICE

I have money on hand to pay the following warrants: General Road Fund, endorsement including April 25th, 1918; Road District Five (5), endorsement including June 13th, 1918; Road District Seven (7), endorsement including June 3rd, 1918; Road District Eight (8), endorsement including June 14th, 1918.

Interest stops September 20th, 1918.

Respectfully,

BESSIE HATTAN,

County Treasurer.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Sealed proposals, addressed to the County Court of Columbia County, Oregon, at St. Helens, Oregon, and endorsed "Proposals for improving the following roads in Columbia County, Oregon, to-wit: Pittsburg-St. Helens Road, Mile 12, in Road District No. 3," will be received by said County Court until 2 o'clock, p. m., October 4th, 1918, and not thereafter, and at that time will be publicly opened and read.

All proposals must be made upon blank forms, to be obtained from the Roadmaster, at his office at St. Helens, Oregon; must give prices proposed, both in writing and in figures, and must be signed by the bidder, with his address.

Plans and specifications are on file and may be examined in the office of the County Clerk.

Each bidder shall deposit, with his bid, a certified check for an amount of at least five percent of his bid, payable to the County Clerk, which shall be forfeited to the County in case the award is made to him, and he shall neglect, fail or refuse, for a period of five days after such award is made, to enter into a contract and file the required bond.

The right is reserved to reject any and all bids.

S. C. MORTON, County Judge,
A. E. HARVEY, Commissioner,
JUDSON WEED, Commissioner,
H. E. ABBY, Roadmaster,
J. W. HUNT, County Clerk.

39-40

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator with will annexed of the estate of John Frederick Dangerfield, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, and that Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1918, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day and the Court Room of said Court have been appointed by said Court in St. Helens, Oregon, as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published, August 23, 1918.

HARRY WEST,

Administrator with Will Annexed.

J. W. Day, Attorney. 36-40

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Anna F. Bassi, deceased, has filed his final account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, and that Saturday, the 5th day of October, 1918, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the Court room of said Court at St. Helens, Oregon, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published, August 6, 1918.

THOMAS BASSI,

Administrator. 38-42

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Its successful graduates.

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